

PROG 457
15 FEB 86

\$1.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
85g Germany
85g France
85g Italy
10c Argentina
110g Brazil
24c Canada
425g Hong Kong

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

I'S
YOO-NIQUE!

WE'S BOTH
YOO-NIQUE!

AND NOT A BRAIN BETWEEN THEM!

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Serious circuit-warning: you are about to take part in the galaxy's toughest thrill-assault course! The traumas of *Halo Jones* will leave you trembling...the horrors in "The Tomb Of Terror" will test your warp ratings as they have never been tested before...the mayhem of *Mega-City 1* will make you want to join Chief Judge McGruder on the long walk into the Cursed Earth...the sight of not one but *two Aces* - faces to faces - will make you shudder...while Johnny Alpha's latest opponents will see you squealing for mercy under the sofa! If you somehow survive all that, there's news at the back of the prog about a convention in Exeter which several of my top droids will be attending - though if you decide to go along, I hate to think what state you'll be in!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

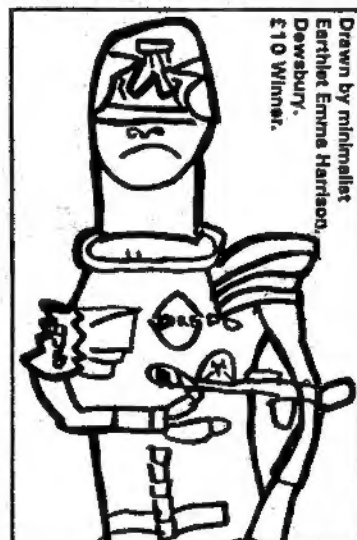
THARG

PORCINE THARG

Drawn by Earthlet Barry Ellis.
living dangerously in Liverpool.
£10 Winner.



EMMA'S DREDD BUT HER ART BELONGS TO DADDY



Drawn by miniartist
Earthlet Emma Harrison,
Dewsbury.
£10 Winner.

Dear Tharg,

Here is a genuine drawing that my daughter Emma recently completed. I am a new convert to your excellent publication, and I was both amazed and pleased when Emma started to take an avid interest in it also. At six years of age, she must rank as one of your youngest female readers.

From Earthlet Mark Harrison, Dewsbury. £5 Winner.

Your offspring may or may not be one of my youngest readers, but she is certainly one of the most talented. If she continues to show artistic progress, there's a job waiting for her in the Command Module - get in touch around 1997.

AS EASY AS PI²

Dear Tharg,

I am 14 and my friend Glenn is 15, and when we leave school we want to start a comic. As we have no idea how to begin, do you have any tips for us?

From Earthlet Jason Briggs, Hull. £5 Winner.

Yes. First you find the best writers on the planet. Then you locate - and strap down - the best artists. Find a way to make them all work harder than you thought robotically possible, and it's downhill all the way from there.

THE HOW-LOW-CAN-YOU-GET COUNTRY

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

I've been a devoted 2000 AD reader for 4 Earth years, never failing to acquire a copy of your cosmic creation every week. However, I've now moved to the star system 'The Netherlands', and although it's an admirable nation of comic readers, the comic-to-beat-all-comics is not available here. Is there any way that your mighty self could supply me with the necessary thrill-power directly, perhaps through an intergalactic subscription service? Obviously I'd be willing to pay any price to keep the thrill-suckers at bay, and would even consider selling my interstellar cruiser.

From Earthlet Chris Bird, Wateringen, The Netherlands. £5 Winner.

Mighty as I am, I cannot personally arrange such a service. However, enquiries to **WORLD-WIDE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES LTD., ROSEHILL, TICEHURST, EAST SUSSEX TN5 7AD** should solve your problem...though you may indeed have to sell the cruiser.

THE FIRST OF THE BEST OF...

Dear Tharg,

I have noticed that in your zarjaz 'Best Of 2000 AD' magazines you give details as to when the circuit-shattering stories first appeared in your comic. However, you did not do this for Issue 1 of the series, so please do it now.

From Earthlet Max Elvey, Oxford. £5 Winner.

At once:- Dredd in "Blood of Satanus" (Progs 152-154); Dredd in "The Long Walk" (Prog 147); Alpha's "Death's Head" (Progs 178-181); Rogue's first-ever appearance (Progs 228-229); the Robo-Tale "Final Solution" (Progs 189-190); and the Future Shock "Dr Dibworthy" (Prog 273).

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: **THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.**

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **457**

INCIDENT REPORT 0050-35C: PLATOON BETA.



PERSONNEL CONCERNED:
JONES, M. PVT. + MOLTO,
T.S. PVT.

AFTER DECIMATION OF BETA
PLATOON DURING SURPRISE
L.L.F. GUERRILLA ACTIVITY,
PRIVATE JONES AND
MOLTO ATTEMPTED TO
RETURN TO ROLTIP DIM BASE
ON FOOT.

PRIVATE MOLTO WAS
SUFFERING FROM
LEG INJURIES.



TOY, YOU'RE
HURTING. C'MON...
LET ME BUILD
SOME KIND OF
STRETCHER AND
DRAG YOU...

YOU? DRAG ME
INTO CAMP ON A
STRETCHER? THE
HUMILIATION
WOULD KILL ME.

JUST GET
ME ANOTHER
BANDAGE FOR
MY FOOT AND
I'LL BE
SLAPPY.



KAROB SLAB...
PHRASEBOX...
NULCEPT... NO
BANDAGES.
I'LL HAVE TO
USE ANOTHER
ABSORBEX
PAD.



FINE. I DON'T SUPPOSE
THERE'S ONE OF THOSE
GADGETS IN THERE FOR
GETTING YOU OUT OF ANY
TROUBLE WHATSOEVER.
MASSAGING YOUR BACK
AND FIXING YOU A DRINK?

UH...
NO...

AND I
THINK THE
KAROB'S
MELTED ALL
OVER THE
PHRASE-
BOX.



6: A Soldier's Things

The Ballad Of
**HAL
JONES**

BOODAD
Credit Card:
SCOTT ROBERT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBERT
IAN GIBSON
MELISSA ROBERT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73e

WHILE CHANGING PVT. MOLTO'S DRESSING, PVT. JONES NOTICED THAT THE FOOT WOUND WAS BECOMING INFECTED. SHE CLEANED THE WOUND, BUT HAD NO STERILISED DRESSING.

AFTER ANOTHER HOUR'S WALKING, MOLTO WAS TOO ILL TO CONTINUE.



H-HALO? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M BUILDING YOU A STRETCHER TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS MUDDPLUGGING JUNGLE BEFORE SOME SIX-YEAR-OLD LOBIS LOYO FANN CUTIE SNEAKS UP AND SLITS OUR THROATS...

... SO JUST TRY TO RELAX, OKAY?



Y'KNOW... THIS FEELS FUNNY. BEING LAID UP LIKE THIS. I FEEL... I DUNNO. I FEEL LIKE THERE'S STUFF I SHOULD BE SAYING...

STUFF YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT EXCEPT WHEN YOU'RE LIKE THIS.

WHAT KIND OF STUFF?



I... I DUNNO. I THINK I'M SOMETIMES NOT A VERY HONEST PERSON. I MEAN, I... I SHOW OFF A LOT AND ACT TOUGH...

TOY, I'VE NEVER THOUGHT YOU...

SHUT UP. I KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING.



I'M BIG, AND I'M LOUD, AND I NEVER LET ANYBODY KNOW WHAT I'M FEELING. SOMETIMES IT'S SO DIFFICULT...

I... I REALLY LIKE YOU, HALO.

WELL, SURE. I LIKE YOU TOO, TOY. YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND.



SURE.

BEST FRIENDS.

THAT'S WHAT I MEANT.

LASHING TOGETHER BRANCHES WITH STRIPS OF CLOTH, PVT. JONES CONSTRUCTED A CRUDE STRETCHER, AND THE PAIR CONTINUED THROUGH THE PETRIFIED JUNGLE.

AT SUNRISE, AFTER A FURTHER TWO HOURS OF EXHAUSTING DRAGGING, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES BACK AT THE WRECKAGE OF BETA PLATOON'S RECONNAISSANCE VEHICLE.

LACKING A COMPU-COMPASS, THEY HAD TRAVELLED IN A COMPLETE CIRCLE.



PVT. JONES NOTED THAT DURING THE NIGHT, LOBIS LOYO FANN CORPSE-MONGERS HAD STRIPPED THEIR COMRADES' BODIES OF WEAPONS AND VALUABLES.



FURTHERMORE, BODIES HAD BEEN... TAMPERED WITH... AND ANTI-TERRAN MESSAGES SPRAYED ON THE WRECKAGE.



HALO...? I CAN SMELL BURNING - IT MUST BE THE ROBOT DOG, STILL ALIVE INSIDE THE FURNACE.

WH-WHAT? TOY, YOU'RE DRIFTING. THAT WAS YEARS AGO, ON THE CLARA PANDY...

TOY, LISTEN. WE'RE BACK AT THE WRECKAGE. I'M LOST.

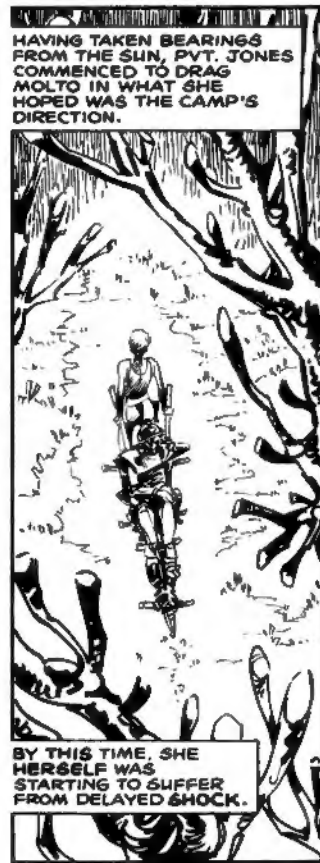
HEY! I KNOW WHERE WE ARE! WE'RE ON 'SPACE HOSPITAL'! I CAN HEAR NURSE QUILLA...

TOY, THEY'VE DONE THINGS TO ALL THE BODIES, AND I DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE THAT, AND WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME THINK?



WAIT. WAIT... THE SUN'S UP NOW, SO THAT'S EAST OVER THERE. WE HAVE TO GO THE OTHER WAY... FOLLOW THE VEHICLE TRACKS BACK TO BASE...

NURSE QUILLA'S TALKING TO DR. ZAR ABOUT ME. SHE SOUNDS CONFIDENT.



HAVING TAKEN BEARINGS FROM THE SUN, PVT. JONES COMMENCED TO DRAG MOLTO IN WHAT SHE HOPED WAS THE CAMP'S DIRECTION.

BY THIS TIME, SHE HERSELF WAS STARTING TO SUFFER FROM DELAYED SHOCK.





WHAT?



I SAID, HOW LONG AGO DID SHE DIE? LOOKS LIKE THIS POISONED FOOT IS WHAT TOOK HER OUT...

DON'T BE STUPID! SHE'S NOT DEAD! I WAS JUST TALKING TO HER!



OH.

OH, POOR HALO...

DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR JOB? WHAT KINDA MEDIC ARE YOU? SHE'S FINE! ANYBODY CAN SEE THAT!

STAY AWAY FROM HER!
YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER, YOU USELESS INCOMPETENT PIECE OF TRASH!



HEY, PRIVATE, EASY...



UH-OH. PSYCH-OUT. BETTER GIVE HER THE TRANXPIKE.



JUST RELAX. THIS WON'T HURT...

TOY?

TOY, COME ON! THEY DON'T REALISE YOU'RE JESTERING! JUST OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU IDIOT!



FINAL ANALYSIS: PVT. MOLTO KILLED IN ACTION - PVT. JONES STILL UNDER SEDATION. PVT. MOLTO'S EFFECTS (1 PAIR WRIST EXPANDERS, 1 COPY 'THIS SEASON'S SOAPS' HOLO-GUIDE) HAVE BEEN SIGNED OVER TO PVT. JONES.

NEXT PROG

LEAVETAKING

REPORT ENDS.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
PRECIPICE WE FOUND
OURSELVES IN A CURVED
ANTECHAMBER. BEYOND, WE
COULD HEAR REPULSIVE
SOUNDS COMING FROM THE
TOMB ROOM...

Slaine

SOUNDS
LIKE SOMEONE
BEING *SICK*
IN THERE.

IT IS THE
STAR-CREATURE
COMPLETING HIS
REGENERATION.

SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
DAVID PUGH
LETTERING:
STEVE POTTER



FOUL-SMELLING FLUID SEEPED UNDER THE DOOR...



I SUSPECT THE DARK CRYSTAL CONTROLS THE DOOR MECHANISM. BUT WHAT CONTROLS THE DARK CRYSTAL...? THAT'S THE QUESTION...



WELL, COME ON! LET'S HAVE THE ANSWER!

QUIET! I'M THINKING!



GIVE HIM TIME. IF ANYONE CAN PICK THAT LOCK, IT'S UKKO.

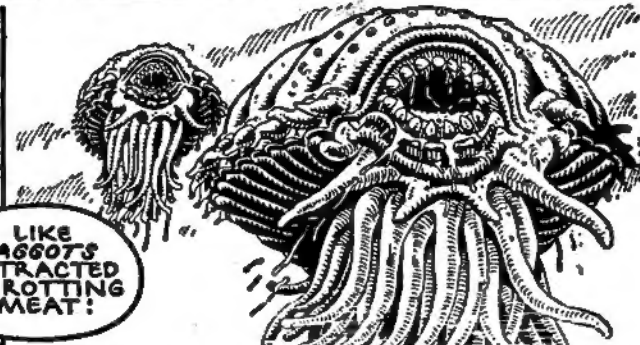


I DON'T THINK WE'VE GOT ANY!



WHAT ARE THEY?

MACROBES! COMING THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE WORLDS CAUSED BY THE AWAKENING OF THE DARK GOD.



LIKE MAGGOTS ATTRACTED TO ROTTING MEAT!



IT'S PASSING RIGHT THROUGH ME!

TRY NOT TO BE ALARMED...



...IT CANNOT HARM YOU...



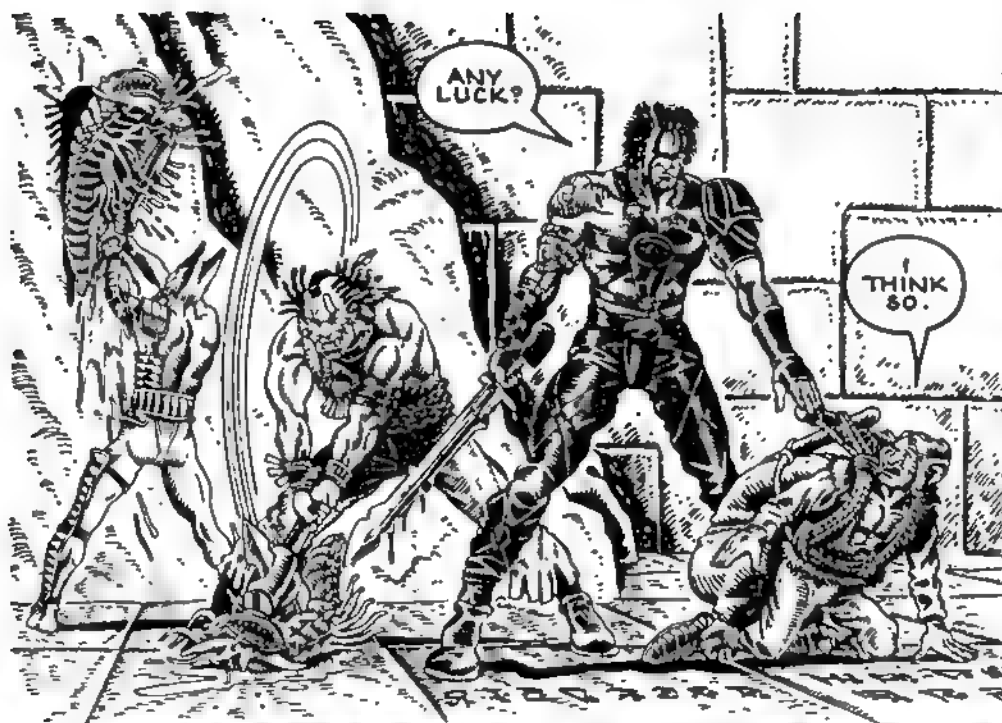
...WHILE IT IS DIMENSIONALLY UNSTABLE.



OUR WORLD IS FULL OF SUCH CREATURES—MICROBES AND MACROBES—INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE. ONLY WHEN THE MACROCOSMIC BALANCE IS DISTURBED CAN THEY SOLIDIFY.

IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING YOU FIND UNDER A STONE. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO THROW UP.



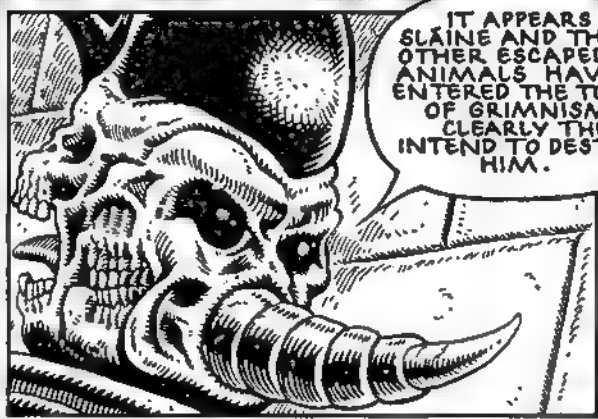




ELFRIC WAS A POWERFUL
MACROBE THAT COULD
TAKE ON HUMAN FORM.

SO
SLAINE
IS HERE
IN GULAG...
GOOD...

IT'S TIME
THERE WAS A FINAL
RECKONING...



DON'T HUMANS
REALISE THEY ARE
'PROPERTY'? THEY BELONG
TO US! FROM THE DAY THEY
CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE
TREES, WE HAVE BREED THEM
... FED THEM ... AND
THEN...

... BLEED
THEM!

SO WE
COULD SUCK THEIR
AURAS!



HUMANS
ARE EXTREMELY
STUPID ANIMALS,
MY GULEDIG.

YES. I
SUPPOSE IT'S
THEIR WRETCHED
IGNORANCE WHICH
ALLOWS THEM TO
ATTEMPT THE
IMPOSSIBLE.

SURROUND
THE TOMB. I'M
GOING IN!

AND
PRAISE BE
TO ME!

NO MORE
MISTAKES,
ELFRIC! THIS
TIME... THE
PIGS MUST BE
PUT DOWN!

REST
ASSURED,
GULEDIG...
GRIMNISMAL'S
TOMB WILL
BECOME
SLAINE'S AS
WELL!

PRAISE
BE TO YOU, MY
GULEDIG!

Next: THE
AWAKENING!

WIKI WIKI WIKI PART 11

Game: Pat Mills. Art: Garry Leach & Una Fricker.

LAST WEEK

YOUR WARP RATING:

TREASURE:

OBJECTS FOUND:

(From Part Ten)

If YOU chose...

A) To drink the liquid in the bottle. You unscrew the top and see the liquid steaming and hissing...but you've made up your mind and swig it down. Moments after you've drunk it, you realise it was a deadly poison. You die in terrible agony. Only magic can restore you to life. **Deduct 16 warp points and one hour on your clock.** And you must now fight the Pteranodon – see after D.

B) You block the hole with a rock and this slows down Grinnismal's awakening. **Gain 30 minutes on your clock.** But you must now fight the Pteranodon – see after D.

C) Treasure worth 50 points would have been enough to keep the Pteranodon occupied. If you gave him less, he will be annoyed at your stinginess and fight you. See below. If you gave him more, there is no time to recover it. Ukko will start moaning at you, but a quick clout will put him in his place! You must now deal with the problems arising THIS WEEK.

D) You have a look in the Pteranodon's nest and take a shiny key from inside. **Make a note that you have the key.** But the Pteranodon is annoyed that you have disturbed his eggs and he attacks. You must fight him.

PTERANODON'S WARP RATING: 13.

COMBAT ADD: + 1. TIME: 10 MINUTES OR MAGIC PENALTY: 50 MINUTES.

This flying lizard will fight you to the death. Remember you now have a + 2 Combat Add – because Nest painted Death Oghams on your face.

Afterwards, you must deal with the problems arising THIS WEEK.



THIS WEEK

Regardless of how much time you lost as a result of the choices you made last week, your adventures this week took ten minutes. **Deduct ten minutes from your clock.**

However, because you have now reached the final level of the tomb, you **gain** 20 warp points for experience. If you haven't run out of time (or are cheating!) read on...

In this week's episode Uhko discovers that the Dark Crystal is controlled by a combination lock. He thinks that one of the three numbered squares on the floor contains the proper combination. If the numbers within the correct square are pressed the Dark Crystal will be filled with light...and the door to the tomb room will open!

Nest, who studied Sacred Mathematics at college, translates the numbers. This takes her ten minutes. **Deduct it from your clock.** But, if you have *Scroll One* this shows the squares and Nest has already translated them. So you do not deduct ten minutes.

Nest recognises the three squares as being *magic squares*. She explains that each planet has its own square—a numerical illustration of cosmic law. The three squares she has translated are shown on this page.

As a barbarian, you're not very interested, but Nest insists this is important. She makes you and Uhko study the three squares. She tells you that magic squares have strange properties...the sum of the numbers in each row, each column and each of the two main diagonals is the same. And, when all the numbers in the square are added together, the figure you arrive at is called the Cosmic Cube. Nest cannot tell you which square you should stand on as she was a poor student of Sacred Mathematics and her knowledge is rather limited. **But she feels the number of the beast may be significant.**

It is up to you and Uhko to decide. Will you choose...

- A) The Square of Jupiter?
- B) The Square of Mars?
- C) The Square of the Sun?



Two clues have been inserted in the text you have just read and these will help you make the correct choice. But be careful...you cannot afford to make a mistake because this time there is no magic, no second chances...only death for those who choose incorrectly!

Find out next week what happens!

YOUR FINAL WARP RATING: _____

TREASURE: _____

OBJECTS FOUND: _____



THE SQUARE OF JUPITER

4	14	15	1
9	7	6	12
5	11	10	8
16	2	3	13

THE SQUARE OF MARS

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

THE SQUARE OF THE SUN

6	32	3	34	35	1
7	11	27	28	8	30
24	14	16	15	23	19
13	20	22	21	17	18
25	29	10	9	26	12
36	5	33	4	2	31

NEXT PROG: FACE THE ULTIMATE EVIL - GRIMNISMAL!



JUDGE DREDD



THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF FIVE -

CHIEF JUDGE, WE ASK YOU - RECONSIDER.

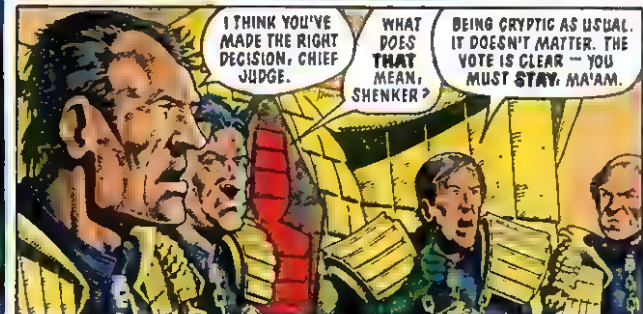
YOU MADE AN ERROR OF JUDGEMENT, CERTAINLY. BUT ONE ERROR IN AN EXEMPLARY CAREER CAN SURELY BE OVERLOOKED.

YES, WE'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OF IT.

AGREED

SHENKER - YOU WANT YOUR TWO CRED'S WORTH?

* SEE PROG 955 - THARG.



I THINK YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, CHIEF JUDGE.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, SHENKER?

BEING CRYPTIC AS USUAL. IT DOESN'T MATTER. THE VOTE IS CLEAR - YOU MUST STAY, MA'AM.



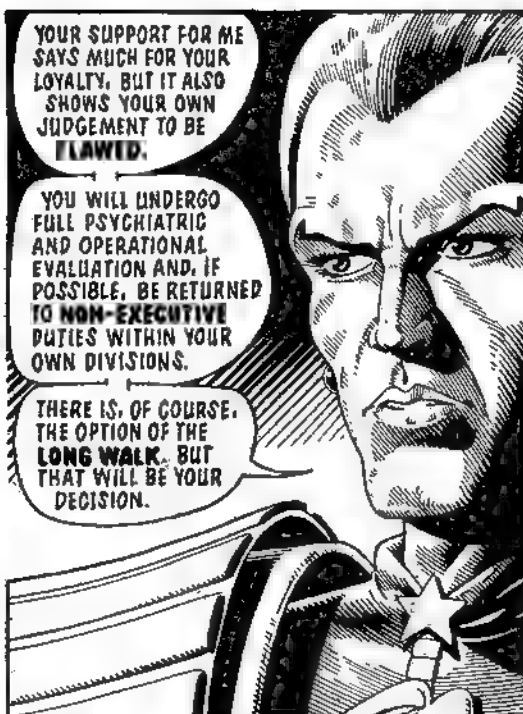
THEN I OVERRIDE THE VOTE. I HAVE GIVEN THE MATTER DEEP AND CAREFUL CONSIDERATION AND MY DECISION STANDS. I AM NO LONGER COMPETENT TO HOLD THIS OFFICE.

TOMORROW MORNING AT DAWN I WILL TAKE THE LONG WALK INTO THE CURSED EARTH AND LEAVE THIS CITY FOREVER.



MY FINAL ACT AS CHIEF JUDGE IS TO **DISMISS** CREED, HERPERT AND RENBOW FROM THE COUNCIL OF FIVE.

DISMISSED?



YOUR SUPPORT FOR ME SAYS MUCH FOR YOUR LOYALTY, BUT IT ALSO SHOWS YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT TO BE **FLAWED**.

YOU WILL UNDERGO FULL PSYCHIATRIC AND OPERATIONAL EVALUATION AND, IF POSSIBLE, BE RETURNED TO **NON-EXECUTIVE** DUTIES WITHIN YOUR OWN DIVISIONS.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, THE OPTION OF THE **LONG WALK**. BUT THAT WILL BE YOUR DECISION.

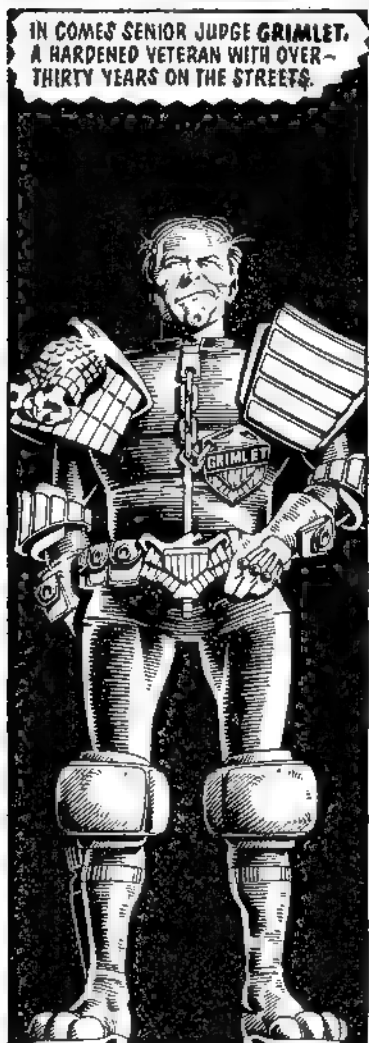


SHEPHERD, I'LL BE APPOINTING NEW MEMBERS TO JOIN YOU ON THE COUNCIL.

VERY WELL. GOOD LUCK, MCGRUDER.



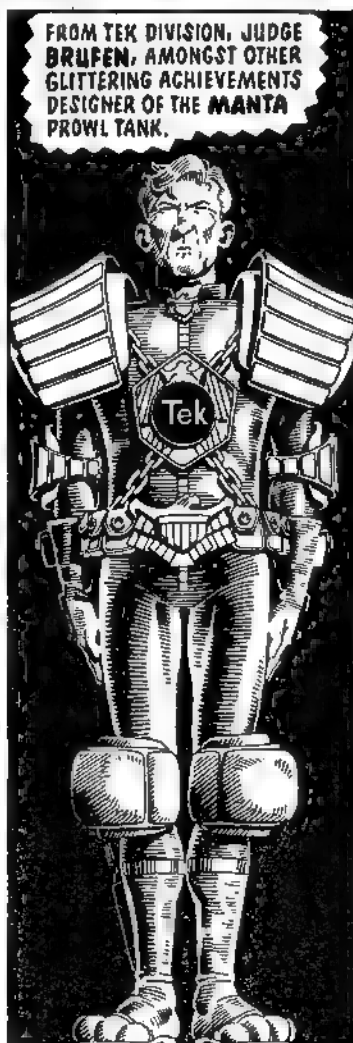
AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THE NAMES OF FOUR NEW MEMBERS WHO WILL TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE **COUNCIL OF FIVE**, THE CITY'S FOREMOST LAWMAKING BODY...



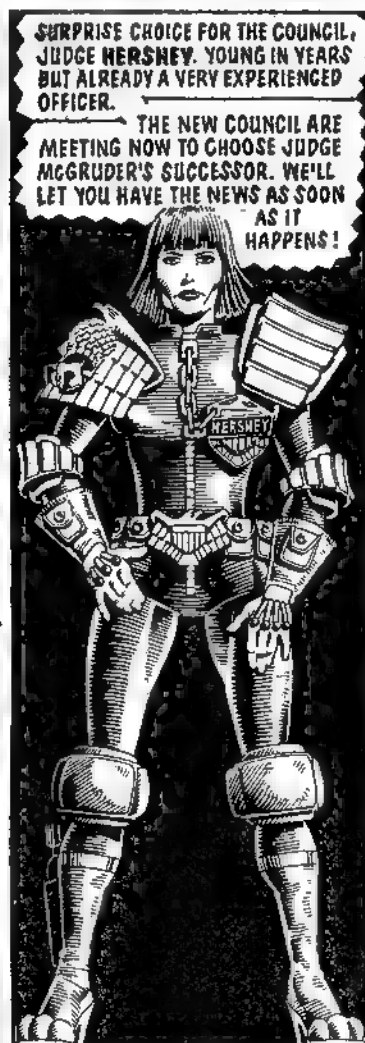
IN COMES SENIOR JUDGE GRIMLET, A HARDENED VETERAN WITH OVER-THIRTY YEARS ON THE STREETS.



JUDGE-TUTOR SILVER, FOR TWELVE YEARS PRINCIPAL LECTURER IN APPLIED VIOLENCE AT THE ACADEMY OF LAW.

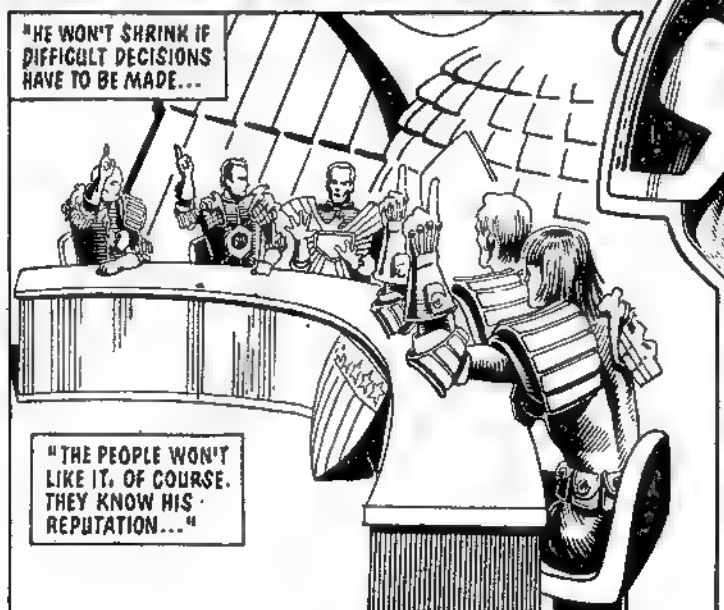
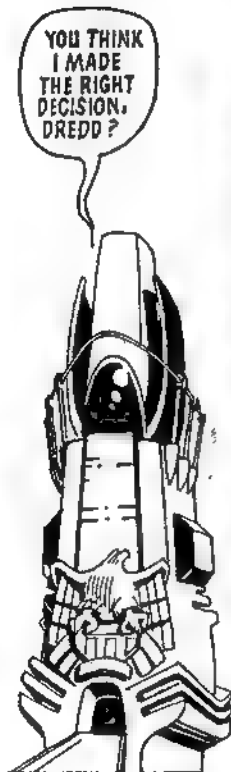
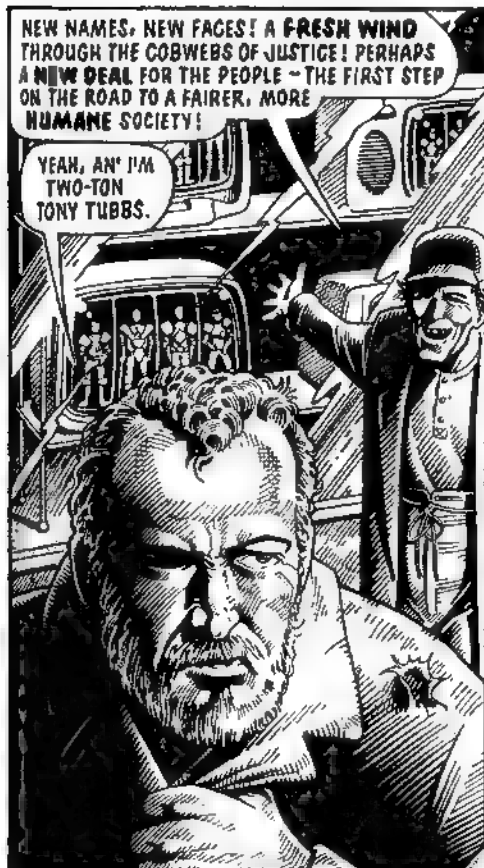


FROM TEK DIVISION, JUDGE BRUFEN, AMONGST OTHER GLITTERING ACHIEVEMENTS DESIGNER OF THE MANTA PROWL TANK.

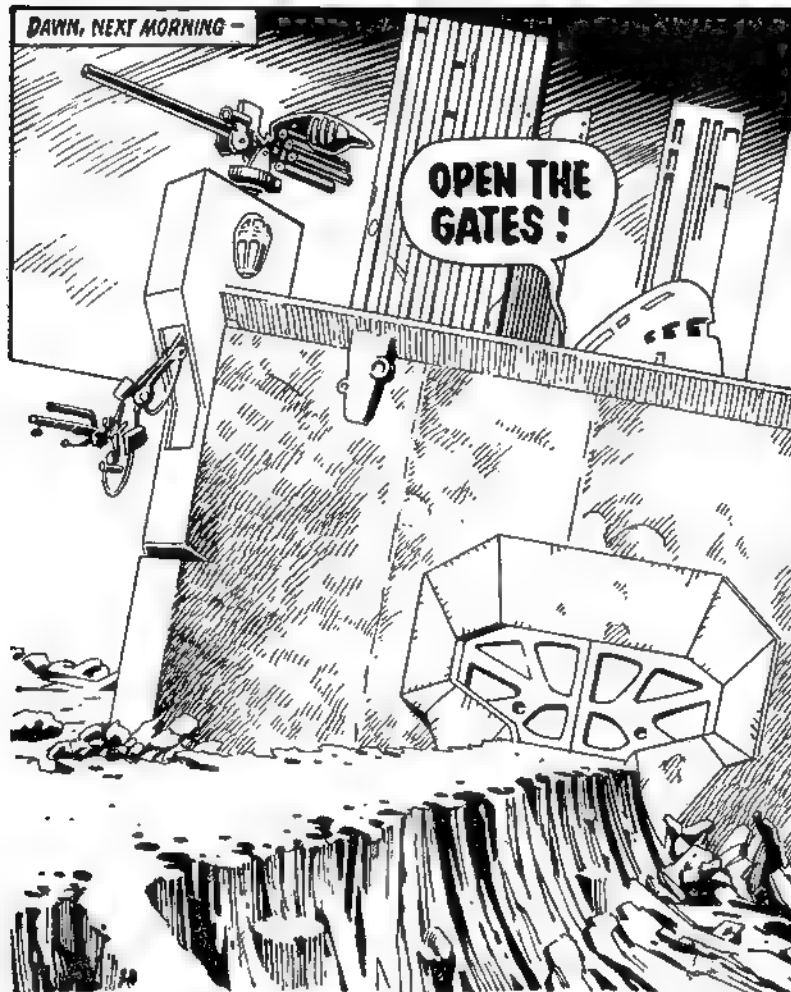


SURPRISE CHOICE FOR THE COUNCIL, JUDGE HERSHEY. YOUNG IN YEARS BUT ALREADY A VERY EXPERIENCED OFFICER.

THE NEW COUNCIL ARE MEETING NOW TO CHOOSE JUDGE MCGRUDER'S SUCCESSOR. WE'LL LET YOU HAVE THE NEWS AS SOON AS IT HAPPENS!



DAWN, NEXT MORNING -



IN A WAY, DREDD, IT'S A RELIEF.
CHIEF JUDGE - BEFORE THAT SJS -
I'VE BEEN COOPED UP TOO LONG.

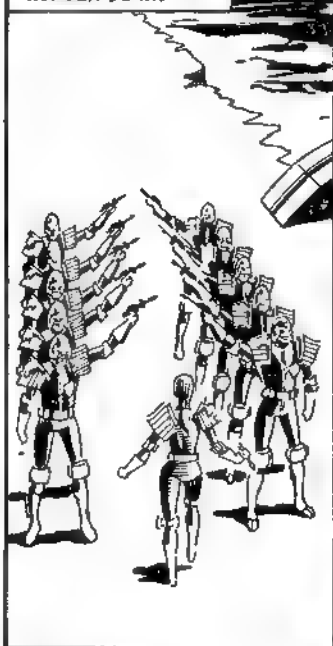
IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE
SOME ACTION AGAIN.

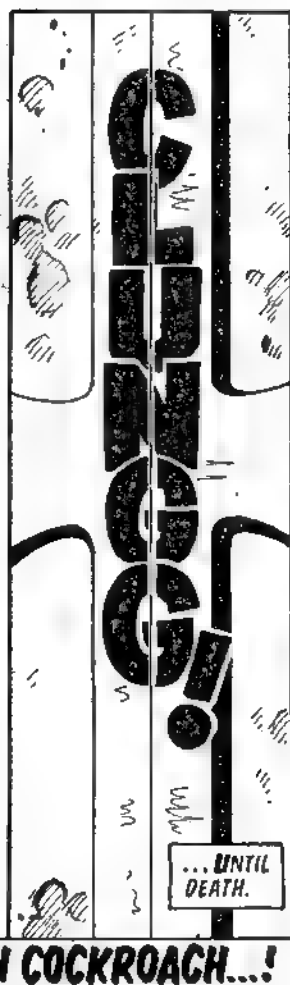
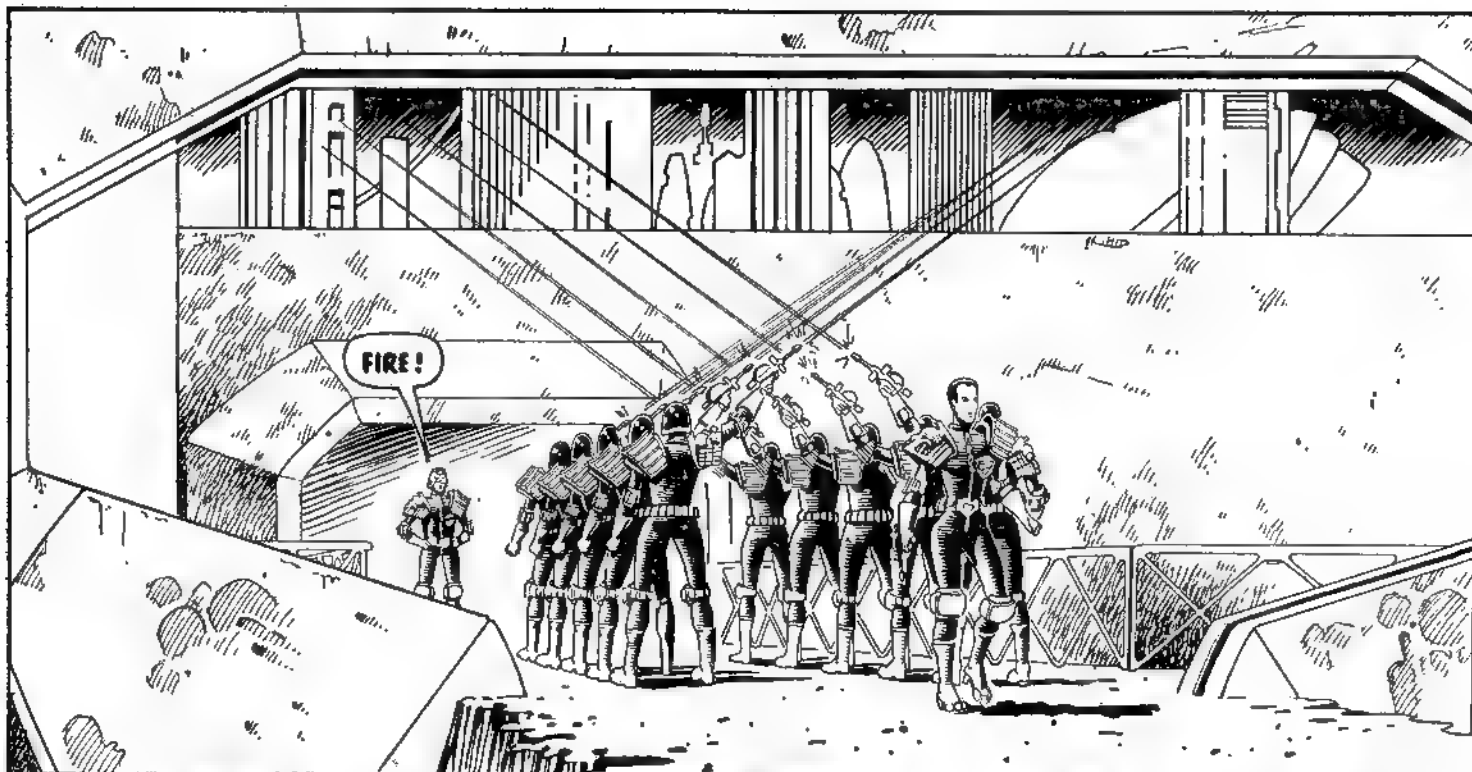


STILL, I'M GOING
TO MISS IT.



THEN SHE TURNS AND
WALKS THROUGH THE
HONOUR GUARD -

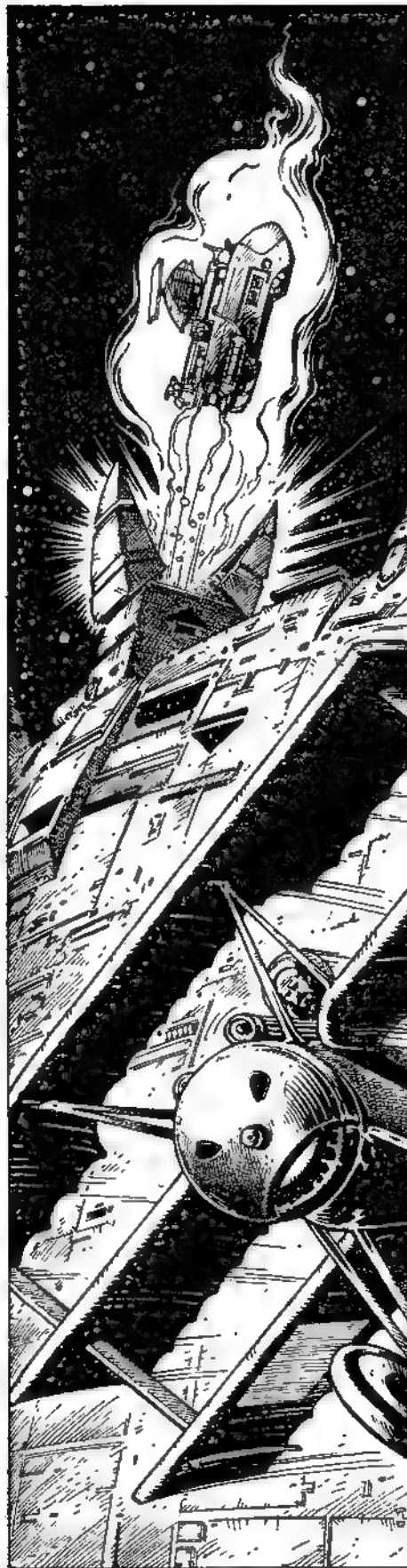




NEXT PROG. THE SECRET DIARY OF ADRIAN COCKROACH...!

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp





WE'LL LEAVE
FEEL IN THIS
HERE COLD HOLD
UNTIL THE
BOOZJUICE
WEARS OFF!



UP IN THE JOCKBOX,
AN HISTORIC MOMENT—

THREES
AN' SEVENS
TO YA,
TRUCKIN'
BUDDY!

RIGHT
BACKATCHA,
BIG A! REAL
PLEASURE TO
MEET ANOTHER
JOCKBOX
GENIUS!



'PRECATE YA QUAGGIN' ME.
NEVER THUNK I'D END UP IN
A PARALLET YOONIVERSE
FUNNEL TO FUNNEL WITH
MY OWN 'ZACT
DOPPELGARPER!

HANG TEN
THERE, GOOD
BUDDY! ONE
THANG WE
BETTER GET
STRAIGHT—



THIS HERE'S
MY YOONIVERSE!
YOU IS THE
DOPPELGARPER!



NOW YA'S HERE,
WE'S GONNA HAVE TO
FIGURE SOME WAY OF
BOILIN' YA BACK ON
THE FLIP-FLOP!

BUT FIRST THANGS
FIRST— WE GOT A BIT
O' BIZ TO CONDUCT
IN CHICKEN CITY!





THERE'S
ONE WAY
OF FINDIN'
OUT—

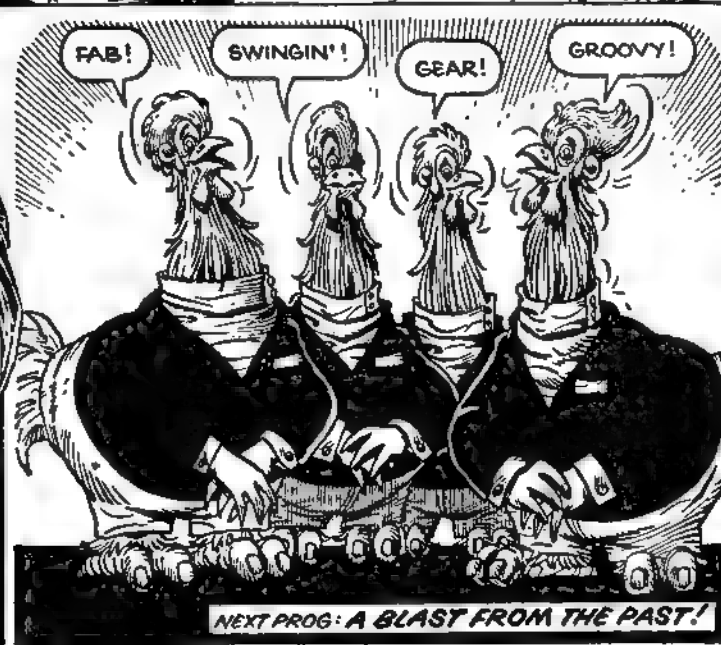


YOU MEAN
PERFORM?
US?



ER... NO,
OF COURSE
NOT!

I'M SURE THE
BOYS AND MYSELF
WILL BE HAPPY TO
...ER, DO A BIG
FOR YOU, WON'T
WE, BOYS?



NEXT PROG: A BLAST FROM THE PAST!

Strontium Dog

793 AD. JOHNNY ALPHA AND HIS BAND OF VIKINGS HAVE HIT TROUBLE IN THEIR QUEST TO TRACK DOWN MAX BUBBA AND HIS MUTIE GANG —

THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING!

WE'LL NEVER FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH THAT LOT — ESPECIALLY WITH MY BLASTER OUT OF COMMISSION!

IF WE WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE, WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVIN' UP. THAT TUNNEL OVER THERE —

KEEP IT QUIET. FOLLOW ME.

2000AD
Credit Card!

SCRIPT: ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART: ROBOT
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
W.D. MORGAN

COMPU-731

AMONG TROLLS,
EVEN KINGS ARE
NOT NOTED FOR
THEIR MANNERS —



THE QUEEN, HOWEVER, IS NOTED FOR HER STRONG RIGHT ARM —







COMIC MART NEWS, EARTHLETS!



Maximum thrill-power will be surging into Exeter on **SATURDAY 15th FEBRUARY**, when I – Tharg the Mighty – send a squad of my top droids* to confront the massed ranks of Squaxx dek Thargo!

The Place : **EXETER & DEVON ARTS CENTRE, GANDY STREET, EXETER**

The Time : **10am – 4pm SATURDAY 15th FEBRUARY**

The Money : **ADULTS £1; MINORS 50p**

Additional thrill-power will be produced in the form of artwork exhibitions, quizzes, badge- and T-shirt-merchants, with thousands of comics for sale.

*Droids invited to Exeter include Alan Grant, Kevin O'Neill, Steve Dillon, Robin Smith, Bryan Talbot, Pete Milligan, Dave Gibbons, Mike McMahon, Brett Ewins and – representing The Mighty One – SIM-1.

NEXT PROC-



THE DARK GOD!

THE NEW MASTERS

ROBIN SMITH
[1957-]

